

Good Morning

49

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

EDUCATION MADE EASY

Conducted by ODO DREW

Who is Dr. Joad and what is the Brains Trust?—If you will let me have further particulars I will cause enquiries to be made.

Dhobeying.—The origin of this is rather involved. In the marriage service the woman promises to "love and dhobey." That, of course, includes looking after the house, mending and washing. The modern dislike for domestic work has led many women to refuse to promise to do the latter.

What was H.M.S. Pinafore?—A converted merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Kettle. It was sunk whilst carrying sea-horses through the Regent's Canal.

"Coiled the wrong way."—If the enquirer will send me a stamped addressed envelope I will endeavour to tell him the original version of this excellent story.

Flannel.—Although this is subject to coupons, there seems to exist a definite black market in it. There can be no other explanation of the fact that certain places are full of it.

Stone frigate.—It will be remembered that, during the last

war, ships were built of concrete. They were not very successful; but an improved type has done good work during the present war. Their design is quite unusual, but details have not been issued, as they are still on the secret list. Many submariners will, however, have been on board them.

Tea-boat.—Not to be confused with the liberty-boat. The tea-boat takes troops ashore at tea-time, to give them a chance and a chance of stretching their legs.

Compensating tanks.—These are neither the heavy nor the light ones. They are actually all-purpose tanks, and are used to balance, or "compensate," deficiencies of particular types in an armoured force.

Who wrote "Deep in the heart of Texas"?—Purcell, of course. This was to celebrate the extension of the Air Training Scheme to the United States. One of the first air-fields was

built right "in the heart" of Texas.

Shakespeare's plays.—There seems to be little real evidence that Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays.

Interlude

(I have been asked by numerous students for particulars of my career. These requests have been so numerous that, in spite of a natural modesty, I am forced to acquiesce. The following details are out of "Who's Who," right out of it.)

Born 1844, on Ilkla Moor. Traces ancestry back to Mick the Miller. Educated at Sandown and Kempton Park Colleges. Scored winning try in famous match for Milngavie University against Gorbals Academy. Joined Navy, 1864 (Dec.); resigned from Navy, 1865 (Jan.). Converted to polygamy whilst in the South Sea Islands, 1870-80. Professor of Naval Architecture at Gosport University, 1881-5. Occupied Chair of Music at Streatham Hydro, 1885-9. Explorations at Dartmoor, 1890-6 and in the Parkhurst district, 1900-4. Air raid warden, 1905-1939. Joined staff of "Good Morning," 1943,

as improver, with a view to making a career of journalism. Awarded hon. degree of Doctor of Patent Medicine at Beauchamp. Held record for knocking back pints from 1855 until Britain went off the Gold Standard. Author of "What Nelson should have done at Waterloo," "The Submariners' Bedside Book," "How to Become an Admiral by Studying for One Hour a Day," etc., etc. Wrote the standard work on "Pin-tables."

Clubs: Indian and Bridge. Hobbies: Dancing, blondes and brunettes. Addresses: London, "Cock Tavern," Fleet Street; provinces, "The Stork, Liverpool and Birmingham; "The Royal," Plymouth; "St. Enoch's," Glasgow; if not there, c/o Yates' Wine Lodge, Mooneys, Bodega, anywhere.

"The progress of knowledge is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration."

Lord Brougham.

A Christian is the highest style of man.

Edward Young
(1684-1765).

Virtuous and vicious every man must be—
Few in extreme, but all in the degree.

Alexander Pope.

"Over my dead body"

Not much dead body about this picture, but that is the title of the new 20th Century Fox film in which charming and talented young Mary Beth Hughes plays a leading role.



I get around

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

COLINCIDING with the resignation of Wilfrid Pickles, recently, from the B.B.C., comes the resignation of David Miller, who has presented the Dancing Club feature for some time.

M. M. Boussac, three horses, Anubis II, Aetius and Cynthia II, have been entered for the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the Derby, and the St. Leger.

M. M. Boussac is now in France, and must be considered (in accordance with Trading with the Enemy Act) an enemy. What, then, if—and it is likely—any of them win? Enquiring at the Trading with the Enemy Department of the Board of Trade, I learned that, great as was my interest in the future of these horses, that of the Custodian of Enemy Property was even more acute.

The Government has granted a licence to Steve Donoghue to continue with the training and management of these horses as long as they show a profit. If they don't show a profit they must be sold. Any such profits, of course, are credited to the Custodian for Post-war Settlement.

Whether or not the profits will eventually get to Boussac or not, nobody seems to know.

SOME time ago I wrote about the loneliest and most frightened moment endured in a lifetime. Mine, to that date, was my first solo flight. That, though, was commonplace in comparison with a recent experience at the London Zoo. Here, again, it may mean nothing to you, but to me a 14ft. Indian python is the most horrific thing in the world. Especially when it was draped around my shoulders and neck.

The keeper of the reptile house invited me inside, and I followed him with no little uneasiness. He took me behind the showcases and he opened several cages. From one cage he enticed this python, which, slithering and spitting, selected my shoulder for a resting place.

There was nothing to be afraid of, the keeper assured me. The snake had eaten the previous day, so he was quite happy. His meal, I learned, was two whole rabbits, which would satisfy him for a week or two. Nevertheless I was glad to get out again.



Wilfrid Pickles

feature editor, is joining George Black for his new show, "We're All In It Together Now," which is due to open at Blackpool shortly.

George Black is reported to have said that Pickles is one of the greatest comedians of the present day.

I agree that his voice might be more pleasing in variety than in the nine o'clock news.

CONSULTING my dictionary for a vulgar word, which wasn't there, my eyes stopped on flapper.

This is what it said: "Flapper is a young girl not yet out." My curiosity aroused, I turned to my encyclopaedia; here the interpretation is, one who flaps, or a girl in her teens. My conclusion was that girls in their teens were not yet out. Whatever "out" might mean. Is that so?

Periscope Page

Figure These Out

LEGEND has it that an Indian potentate was so pleased with the game of chess that he offered to give its inventor, a slave, anything he might wish. The slave asked for one grain of wheat for the first square of the chessboard, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on, doubling the number of grains each time till the 64th square was reached.

At first glance this seems a modest request, but the king who rashly granted it was quite unable to keep his promise, for the result is 18 quintillions, 446 quadrillions, 744 trillions, 73 billions, 709 millions, 551,615 grains!

What is the largest number you can think of which you can express with three figures? The answer is given below, but have a shot at it before you look.

A peculiar number is 91, for if you multiply it by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc., up to 9, and set the answers down in order, you get the same numbers back again in three columns, so:

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 1 \times 91 & = & 091 \\ 2 \times 91 & = & 182 \\ 3 \times 91 & = & 273 \\ 4 \times 91 & = & 364 \\ * & * & * \\ 7 \times 91 & = & 637 \\ 8 \times 91 & = & 728 \\ 9 \times 91 & = & 819 \end{array}$$

In two of them the numbers run down, and in the middle one they run up.

The largest number expressible in three figures is:

(9⁹),

or 9 raised to the 9th power of 9, which is 9 raised to the 387,420,489th power. The final answer contains 369 million figures, but you wouldn't get it if you worked a lifetime.

If you take any number of three digits, reverse it, subtract the smaller, reverse again and add the results of the last two operations, the answer will always be 1,089.

For example, take the number 674. Reverse it—476. Subtract the smaller—198. Reverse it—891. Add together the last two results—1,089.

It sometimes happens that you have to repeat the last process before getting the right answer, as you will find if you try it with 473.

If you use four digits, your answer will always be 10,890.

ODD CORNER

IN August, 1799, King George III reviewed the Kent Volunteers near Maidstone. After the ceremony, Lord Romney entertained the troops. Six thousand five hundred people sat down to dinner, and were provided with 60 roast lambs, 200 dishes of roast beef, 700 fowls, 220 meat pies, 300 hams, 300 tongues, 220 fruit pies, 220 dishes of boiled beef, seven pipes of port, 16 butts of ale, and all the small beer they needed. . . . And no coupons required.

And here is Samuel Pepys's idea of a square meal. In 1660 he wrote in his diary: "A very fine dinner; a dish of marrow bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowls, three

Super Brains Trust

Periscope Page

Figure These Out

TO the great men of this world, although they have not often been good family men, we put the question:

Many great men have either been bachelors or unhappily married. Is it, on the whole, preferable for a man to be married or single?

Dr. Johnson: "Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is the worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

Aristotle: "I agree, and I think it is most fitting for the women to be married at about the age of eighteen, and the men at thirty-seven, or a little before."

R. L. Stevenson: "But a comfortable marriage, whatever else it may be, is certainly not heroic. It narrows and dampens the spirits of generous men. In

marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being."

Horace: "Hear, hear! Nothing is finer or better than a single life."

Francis Bacon: "As a matter of simple observation, it is certainly true that the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from unmarried or childless men."

Dr. Johnson: "I admit, Sir, that there is nothing that so much seduces our reason from vigilance as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman."

Cicero: "But I think we ought all to remember that the very first bond of society is marriage."

Schopenhauer: "A bond—yes, indeed! To marry means to halve one's rights and to double one's duties."

Dr. Johnson: "Sir, marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

Tolstoy: "The only thing which can justify marriage is love, and the only genuine marriage is that which is hallowed by love."

Maupassant: "But marriage and love have nothing in common! We marry only once, but we may love twenty times. Marriage is law, and love is instinct. It is only love that is sacred."

Dean Swift: "I should like to make the observation that Venus, a beautiful, good-natured lady, was the goddess of love;

but Juno, a terrible shrew, was the goddess of marriage. And they were always mortal enemies."

Further, though we are ignorant of what they do in heaven, we have been expressly told what they do not do—that they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

Coleridge: "Of course, marriage has no natural relation to love. As Cicero has just said, marriage belongs to society; it is a social contract."

R. L. Stevenson: "At its lowest, it is a sort of friendship recognised by the police."

Dr. Johnson: "Sir, this is no matter for jest. It is commonly a weak man who marries for love, and I believe that there would be fewer unhappy marriages if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor. And this, Sir, we should never lose sight of, that notwithstanding all that wit, or malice, or pride, or prudence will be able to suggest, men and women must at last pass their lives together."

Socrates: "The question is not whether to love or not to love, nor whether to live together or live apart, but whether to marry or not to marry. On this I can only say that, whichever you do, you will repent."

* * *

Well, Socrates was reputed to be the wisest man who ever lived, and he married once. So was Solomon, and he had several hundreds of wives. What do you think of it all?

QUIZ for today

1. Who wrote about (a) the Five Towns, (b) the Five Nations?
2. What is (a) a gammadiom, (b) a phœn?
3. What silver coins are still legal currency in England?
4. Who were Moody and Sankey?
5. What is a dewlap?
6. What jockey rode five Derby winners?
7. What is the most northerly town in the world?
8. What is the diameter of a sixpence?
9. Who won the Association Football Cup in 1937-8?
10. Who were (a) the Lady of Shallot, (b) the Lady of the Lake, (c) the Lady of the Lamp?
11. What is an ampersand?
12. Whence did the pistol get its name?

Answers to Quiz in No. 48

1. An explorer of caves.
2. (a) The Jewish Code of Laws, (b) the Mohammedan Bible.
3. An assault is an attempt to injure a person; battery is a successful attack.
4. Bones.
5. Rothschild.
6. "Greyhound" is derived from *canis gravis*, or Grecian dog.
7. At Stoke Poges, near Eton.
8. Excalibur.
9. A strolling actor in "Pickwick Papers."
10. (a) The cook in "Treasure Island," (b) an associate of Robin Hood, (c) the hero of John Halifax, Gentleman.
11. Without a definite day being appointed.
12. At the South Pole.

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS

STEEPLEJACK RESCUED BY FIRE DEPT.

Granite City, Ill.—After being stranded for more than one hour, atop a smoke stack of the Wagner Brewery Co., here, Bob Barieter, steeplejack, of St. Louis, Mo., was rescued by the East St. Louis Fire Dept.

Barieter was hanging by a guy line with a rope tied round his foot, after slipping from his lofty perch. The spectacular rescue is pictured here.



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by JULES VERNE

IT was a calamity of colossal dimensions, at least thirty-two feet long. It was swimming backwards with extreme velocity in the direction of the *Nautilus*. It was staring with its enormous green eyes; its eight arms, or rather eight feet, starting from its head, which have given the name of "cephalopod" to this animal, were twice as long as its body, and twined about like the hair of the Furies. We could distinctly see the 250 blowholes on the inner side of the tentacles under the form of semi-spherical capsules. Sometimes these blowholes fastened themselves on to the pane and made a vacuum. The mouth of the monster—a horned beak made like that of a parrot—opened and shut vertically. Its tongue, a horny substance armed with several rows of sharp teeth, came quivering out of this veritable pair of shears. What a freak of Nature!—a bird's beak on a mollusc!

Its body, fusiform and larger in the middle, made a fleshy mass that must have weighed from 40,000 to 50,000 lbs. Its inconstant colour, changing with extreme rapidity according to the irritation of the animal, passed successively from livid grey to reddish brown.

"Perhaps it is the same as the Alecton one," said Conseil.

"No," answered the Canadian, "for this one is entire, and the other had lost its tail."

"That would not be a reason," I replied. "The arms and tail of these animals grow again by reintegration, and in seven years the tail of the Bouquer calamary has had plenty of time to grow."

In fact, other poulpus had appeared at the port window. I counted seven. They formed a

Chance had brought us into the presence of this calamary, and I would not lose the occasion of carefully studying this specimen

All at once the *Nautilus* stopped. A shock made it tremble in every joint.

"Can we be stranded?" I asked.

"Any way," answered the Canadian, "we must be off again, for we are floating."

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Shakespeare

I'm armed with more than complete steel—the justice of my quarrel.

Christopher Marlowe (1565-1593).

The *Nautilus* was certainly floating, but it was not moving onwards. The branches of its screw were not beating the waves. A minute passed. Captain Nemo, followed by his first officer, came into the saloon.

I had not seen him for some time; he looked to me very gloomy. Without speaking to us, or, perhaps, even seeing us, he went to the panel, looked at the poulpus, and said a few words to his officer.

The latter went out. Soon the

panels were closed. The ceiling was lighted up again.

"A curious collection of poulpus," I said in an indifferent tone as an amateur might take before the crystal of an aquarium.

"Yes, professor," he replied, "and we are going to fight them face to face."

"Face to face?" I echoed.

"Yes, sir. The screw is stopped. I think that the horny mandibles of one of them are caught in its branches. That prevents us moving on."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Go up to the surface and massacre all that vermin."

"A difficult enterprise."

"As you say. The electric bullets are powerless against their soft flesh, and where they do not find enough resistance to make them go off. But we will attack them with axes."

"And with harpoons, sir," said the Canadian, "if you do not refuse my aid."

"I accept it, Mr. Land."

"We will accompany you," said I, and, following Captain Nemo, we went to the central staircase.

There about ten men armed with boarding hatchets were standing ready for the attack. Conseil and I took two hatchets. Ned Land seized a harpoon.

Continued on Page 3.



Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS**

Continued from Page 2.

The *Nautilus* was then on the surface of the sea. One of the sailors, placed on the lowest steps, was unscrewing the bolts of the panel. But he had hardly finished before the panel was raised with extreme violence, evidently drawn up by a blowhole in the arm of a poulp.

Immediately one of these long arms glided like a serpent through the opening, and twenty others were brandished above it. With a blow of the hatchet Captain Nemo cut off this formidable tentacle, which glided, twisting down the steps.

At the moment we were crowding together to get up to the platform, two other arms stretched down to a sailor placed in front of Captain Nemo, and drew him up with irresistible violence.

Captain Nemo uttered a cry and rushed out. We followed.

What a scene! The unhappy man, seized by the tentacle and fastened to its blowholes, was balanced in the air according to

the caprice of this enormous trunk. He was choking, and cried out, "A moi! A moi!" These French words caused me a profound stupor. Then I had a countryman on board, perhaps several! I shall hear that heartrending cry all my life!

The unfortunate man was lost. Who would rescue him from that powerful grasp? Captain Nemo threw himself on the poulp, and with his hatchet cut off another arm. His first officer was fighting with rage against other monsters that were climbing the sides of the *Nautilus*. The crew were fighting with hatchets.

For an instant I believed that the unfortunate man, encircled by the poulp, would be drawn away from its powerful suction. Seven of its eight arms had been cut off, one only brandishing its victim like a feather twisted about in the air. But at the very moment that

We were blinded by it. When this cloud was dissipated the calamary had disappeared, and with it my unfortunate countryman!

With what rage we then set upon these monsters! Ten or twelve poulp had invaded the platform and sides of the *Nautilus*. We rolled pell-mell amongst the serpents' trunks that wriggled about the platform in pools of blood and black ink. It seemed as if the viscous tentacles kept springing

out again like hydra heads. Ned Land's harpoon at each stroke plunged into the green eyes of the calamary and put them out. But my brave companion was suddenly thrown over by one of the tentacles of a monster which he had not been able to avoid.

Ah, how my heart beat with emotion and horror! The calamary's formidable beak opened out a column of black liquid, secreted in a bag in its stomach.

I rushed to his aid. But Captain Nemo was before me. His hatchet disappeared in the two enormous mandibles, and, miraculously preserved, the Canadian rose and plunged the whole of his harpoon into the poulp's triple heart.

"We are quits," said Captain Nemo to the Canadian.

This combat had lasted a quarter of an hour. The monsters, vanquished, mutilated, and death-stricken, left the place clear at last, and disappeared under the waves.

Captain Nemo, covered with blood, stood motionless near the lantern, and looked at the sea that had swallowed one of his companions, whilst tears rolled from his eyes.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Puzzled Milkman in No. 48

Puzzled Milkman: Two portions contained two full bottles, three half-full and two empty bottles. The third portion contained three full, one half-full and three empty bottles.

Language of Postmarks

By MARTIN THORNHILL

THERE are few things of any interest at all that somebody, somewhere, does not, for a hobby, collect. But one article of which I defy you to find a collector is Postmarks, unless you have discovered, as I have, one of the few fellows who seem to do it. Yet it's a novel and fascinating hobby.

By writing to selected towns and villages, this collector has acquired postcards and envelopes bearing postmarks from all over the world. The particular aim is to gather post-office marks representing names and words in everyday use. For a start, there are: Odd and Peculiar, in U.S.A. There is a Home in Oregon, a Sweet Home in Arkansas, a Top and a Bottom, and a President and a Champion.

A second aim is to make up complete groups or sets. Playing cards are represented by a Spades, Hart, Diamond, Club, and even a Trump. No? But there are; and, what's more, there are an Ace, King, Queen, Jack and Joker. Among beverages you have Coffee, Coco, and though no Tea, there is a Teatree, as also there are: Cod, Fish and Fishermen; Hammer and Nail; Fir Trees, Seven Oaks, Chestnut and Thick Wood.

ANYTHING AT ALL.

To construct whole clauses from postmarks is easy, when you have enough. "Just a Little Maiden of Sweet Sixteen." In fact, so varied can your array of postmarks eventually become that you may safely defy your critics to name anything for which you have not discovered, or will not discover, that there is a post office of a like name somewhere in the world.

Practically nothing, animate or inanimate, need be excluded from this challenge. Ask the questioner to name any group that occurs to him—tobacco, medicine, coats, hat—anything. They're all to be found in the universal language of postmarks.

To check the examples given you would need a good world gazetteer. To amass them invests the hobby with an international flavour. But postmark collecting within the U.K. limits the scope surprisingly little.

Here's a "religious" bunch: Paradise and Hell, Heaven's Gate, God's Island, Adam and Eve, Skye and Good Easter. And everybody has heard of Monks, Temple, Bishopsgate, Blackfriars and Whitefriars.

Full sentences, again, are possible from a fair-sized collection of British post office marks. "PAUL and his SEVEN SISTERS found the SEVEN KINGS HARD TO COME BY during their COLD BLOW along the HOG'S BACK. And at NOMANSLAND there was LITTLE IN SIGHT except a BUZZARD, some NEW HEDGES, a COBBLER, a CLOWN, and seven DEAD MAIDENS."

And, as the collection of British postmarks grows, more and more choice and useful oddities will come to light—Alloa, Penny Pot, Small Dole, No Place, Mousehole, Sparrowpit, Horseferry, Horse House, Lavatrae, and a thousand others.

CROSSWORD CORNER**CLUES ACROSS.**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
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10	11			12		13		
14				15				
16			17		18			
				19		20		
21	22	23			24	25		
26		27			28			
29				30				
			31					
32				33				

Solution to Problem in No. 48.

TASTER	ROUT
ILK	POWERS
CLINIC	LEEK
KUDOS	DIGE
D	BORECOLE
WEE	DAMNIP
ESCHEWED	B
A HAS	ROBED
LOON	MATURE
LEDGER	TAN
EDDY	NAMELY

1 Arrow. 2 Perfect. 3 Without aid. 4 Head cover. 5 Put off. 6 Sharp. 7 Soak. 9 Relish. 11 Window worker. 13 Small anchor. 15 Stopped sleeping. 17 Ennui. 20 Missing. 21 Fruit. 22 Big bird. 24 Complete. 25 Spike at length. 27 Horned ruminants. 30 Draw.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to : "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Beauty in the Balance

Ye Gods ! Sydney Harbour IS just as the guide book says.



"**Lets get the Smalls out**"

And "getting the smalls out" is correct. Getting them out into the health-giving sunshine—giving them a start in life—laying the foundation of healthy manhood and womanhood — fitting them for ideal citizenship of this dear England.



KIP!



This fellah sure does his day-dreamin' thorough.



Fairly takes your breath away, doesn't it ? We know some chaps will do anything to satisfy a thirst, but seldom do they get a woman to help 'em. Why, she's even shoudering the whole responsibility.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

